Flip’s Halloween

“Good evening, might I inform you about tonight’s story, it is a chilling surprise, with very unusual feats, perhaps you’ve seen them in your dreams, well maybe nightmares”  
“It was a cold day, with a little mouse, scattering round his home, he is not ordinary, not at all.”

C:\Program Files\Microsoft Office\MEDIA\CAGCAT10\j0305493.wmf“Hey, aren’t you supposed to be telling the story already, I mean you are only allowed to talk for 10 seconds so less info and more story-telling, sorry for this folks!

“Flip, come down, Lippy is never going to forgive you if you miss her party. She creamed from down stairs of the cage of course.

Flip came down clutching his neck, “I hate this tie” he shouted, “It makes me yell, and I’m sorry, I’ve been under a lot of stress at work. Said Flip trying not to over -heat.

Jill was walking towards the phone with a grin on her face, “No therapy” Flip shouted  
“Yes, no therapy” you could tell she was up to no good

She phoned JET-LINE and said something about tomorrow. I chose to ignore her because when she teased me she would always called JET-LINE just because we knew someone who worked there! When she hung up she walked away, just out of the room.

Flip and Jill did go to the party, but they ended up going to sleep really late at night.

“Ohhh... I have a head-ache” cried Flip, he was lying on the floor where he had fallen asleep.   
Jill was standing up in front of him with 2 suitcases. “Hey, your taxi is waiting for you so get your lazy butt off the floor” “What taxi, where am I going”

The taxi had been waiting for so long that it was honking every three seconds.   
“Hold your horses” Jill shouted, she seemed very eager to get rid of flip  
I guess from the cabbies point of view it would of been hard to look at the mouse as the cabbie was a human.

“Airport” said a squeaky little voice from the corner, it was Jill, she slammed the door and tapped the taxi twice to give a signal that the taxi could go.  
Flip lived a long long long long way away from the airport, but guess what happened on the ay there, THEY BROKE DOWN, luckily at the airport, what a surprise!

Flip scattered around heaps of feet not knowing where to go, Flips luck was just beginning, a little girl picked him up “Ewwwww...” she shrieked, she flicked Flip up in the air, Flip and his suitcases went flying through the door, he was on a plane, but which plane?

C:\Program Files\Microsoft Office\Media\CntCD1\Animated\j0336486.gifC:\Program Files\Microsoft Office\Media\CntCD1\Animated\j0336486.gifFLIP WAS ON A MYSTERY VACATION

the date was the 30/10/02, the day the day before HALLOWEEN!

Now you might want to know what happened on the flight, flip fell asleep on the plane but was woken to the landing message.

DING DONG DING DING DA DING “Welcome to the Bermuda Triangle, a total mystery of plane crashes, you are all on this plane to solve the mystery, the landing will commence in 3...2...1” “BOOM”  
they had landed, now let’s get back to the problem, flip wasn’t part of any research team to solve some silly mysteries, he had no idea how to feel, scared, angry, worried

Flip got on another cab with the other investigators, of couse they had no idea he even existed “Stop here please” said a lady, the cab stopped at a ship, Flip clung on to the lady’s handbag, she stepped out of the cab with her handbag swinging, “Whoa” it was a whirly ride for him.

They got on the ship, “All aboard” shouted the skipper, Flip must of fallen asleep from dizziness, he wasn’t the best with motion as well...

When Flip woke he was on a little row boat, by himself, that lady must of found him asleep and chucked him on a little row boat, Flip pretended it was a dream so he shut his eyes, the only problem was that he didn’t wake up....

Until 4 in the morning, as he as whipping the sleep out of his eyes he heard a noise, well it wasn’t a noise, it was an extremely loud scream,

And a big loud knife to top it off, was murder afoot? I suppose it was...

TO BE CONTINUED....  
RIGHT NOW...

“Collect a row boat, the searching continues” screamed the skipper  
I ran to a row boat, steered wherever I felt like, wasting away, okay maybe a little too much drama and maybe a little white lie. I aborted the tiny raft boat, I felt like I was going to throw up, sea sick, don’t you just hate it. The waves turned me over and I fell into the ocean to drown...

I remember my last breathe, no wait, my new breathe, I was alive, hallelujah, but who pulled me up? “Ah” screamed a pirate, “You’d be a little lad a time ago” he said, I think he was a Scottish pirate, how often do you see them.

It was 11pm, a cold a foggy night, I was alone and scared, the pirate had miraculously disappeared... and I was in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle, oh nuts. WE WERE SINKING, just my luck for being here I suppose. I started to feel the water approach my lips, I hated the salty flavour but it was a life or death situation, NOOOOOOOO.... I screamed.

“Dad, why are you screaming NOOOOOO?” asked Tegan, “It must of been a dream” said Jill pressing to me, “Besides, we are not on a cruise, we are in jail!” “What” I screamed, “The Old Melbourne” assured Timothy, you collapsed in cell 17!

THE END